

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

House of Education,
Ambleside,
October 29th, 1914.

DEAR EDITOR,

We are very thankful to be able to send an assurance, in answer to many inquiries, that Miss Mason is at home and fairly well.

She reached Ambleside on September 29th, and, in spite of all she has gone through, is wonderfully well for her.

Miss Mason sends her love to all, and says that the thought of so many of her "bairns" for her has been a great pleasure.

She was, for a time, anxious about several students who were on the Continent, but all returned safely in spite of difficulties, and all seemed to meet with the same kindness that she also experienced in Germany. Some "Recollections" of the two months may appear in the *Review*.

Miss Mason has provided all the household here with wool and flannel for Red Cross work, and her two Belgian refugees (an aunt and nephew from Ostend) arrived last night. Mdlle. Mottu went to Windermere to welcome them. With love, affectionately yours,

E. KITCHING, *Secretary*.

Ma'adi,
Cairo, Egypt.

April, 1914.

DEAR EDITOR,

... Cairo is really a very fascinating place to live in, and the longer one is here the more one realizes it. Partly, of course, on account of the historic interest attaching to the surrounding country, but also on account of the varied and interesting people one meets.

Cairo is a half-way house between Central Africa and the Sudan—and England. Also between the Far East and England, and all the year round there is an endless string of people coming from some interesting part of the world and "Taking Egypt" on their way home.

The Governors of some of the outlying provinces of the Sudan are most delightful people. Many of them live alone for five or six months at a time, where no white people ever come.

These men act as Guide, Philosopher and Friend to their natives, and wonderful experiences they have, both pleasant and the reverse. It is sad to see them sometimes coming back from leave very jolly and well and full of life, and then some eight months afterwards coming back on the way home, after perhaps half a dozen attacks of fever with, in some cases their nerves quite shattered for the time being and with thin, lined faces. These men really *are* heroes, I think, because they get no particular kudos, it's simply their ordinary routine life.

Besides the residents there are the numerous big-game hunters, who come back from the Sudan with wonderful tales.

There is a curious type of so-called "sportsmen" that is the bugbear of the real sportsman. These are the millionaires (fortunately rarely English) and others, who are out with the object of killing. There seems to be a considerable number of this description, and the tales of their wholesale butchery are simply horrible.

There is a heavy fine for killing more than the number of head of big game allowed under the Government game licence which has to be taken out, the cost of which (for tourists) is £50. For instance, only two elephants may be shot. But a fine doesn't matter much to a millionaire, and in many cases they do not even take the trouble to pick up

what they have shot—still worse, they do not follow up a wounded animal. There is a party now in the Sudan that has shot, in addition to other animals, seventy monkeys! One might as well shoot squirrels in the New Forest.

As Port Said and Alexandria are the coaling stations for East and West bound steamers, we get quite a number of flying visitors from all parts of the world, and one can pick up all sorts of bits of information that otherwise would not cross one's path. A few days ago I met a man who had been connected with shipping at Jeddah, and from him I learnt that so-called Persian carpets were made in large quantities in England and then shipped out to Persia in ordered to have the names of well-known makers sewn on to their backs! One would have thought it would have been cheaper to have some tapes with the names on sent over to England! The way he found this out was owing to a ship which was carrying these carpets out to Persia having sunk in the harbour—and he had to do with the salvage. On that particular occasion his firm sent to the Greek Islands for sponge divers—these men being considered the best in the world—but the first man to go down, looking in at the port-holes, saw a shark swimming between decks, and nothing would induce another man to dive. So native divers were employed, and these men went down without any clothes of any sort, and only clothes-pegs on their noses, and with a knife one of them attacked and killed the shark. Afterwards they carried the work on, and for 2s. a day they cleared the whole ship, which meant first taking the decks off; they even rescued the engine and boilers! It is men like these who dive for pearls—they have huge lungs, and can take in air enough to last for two minutes.

To come back to Egypt. I'm afraid I'm rambling on in a most absurd manner. I hope you aren't frightfully bored!

I think you will be interested to hear of a movement that

has been started here in connection with education. It is known as the "Women's Educational Union," and is organized by members of the P.N.E.U., with a view, if possible, to educate the Egyptian woman, or to induce her to educate herself and her daughters.

The name that has been given calls for some remarks. You may say, "But why not call it by its proper name, and work it out in the ordinary way."

Just because the Egyptian is a most extraordinary specimen to deal with, and requires extraordinary methods. To begin with, to call the movement (I can't call it more yet) the P.N.E.U. would hardly be correct, as it is a mere shadow of the real thing as we know it at home. But another and stranger reason makes it necessary to alter it.

The native mind is slow at working. It takes in a new idea, only after considerable difficulty, and it is extremely difficult to eradicate any idea already established—that you must bear in mind, or else this seems a mere quibble of words.

If these ladies heard that it was a *Parents' Union*, then it must certainly exclude all those who are not married. As a matter of fact, one of the main objects is to get the young girls to take an interest in life through books and to want to educate *themselves*. "*National*" at once strikes a political note. It seems extraordinary that you cannot explain exactly what the word in this case means—but you must remember you are brought up against tremendous prejudices against the whole proceeding, and politics are a very dangerous subject to touch here. "*Educational Union*" appears to have no second interpretation, so that it follows the first two words must be altered, and the title "*Women's Educational Union*" seems the simplest.

Obviously, in a Mohammedan country, where women "don't count," and are still shut up in the harem and

closely veiled, you cannot pretend to start on the same basis as the family at home.

The educated Egyptian is very often very highly educated, but the wife and daughters are still not considered worth teaching anything more than languages (French for the most part) and sewing; I am not certain about music, I have never met an Egyptian lady who played any instrument. Under these circumstances it would be mere futility to introduce the P.N.E.U, which takes as its foundation the family life. They simply wouldn't understand what you were driving at—and in consequence would have *no* interest or curiosity to hear more—your native has a sluggish brain. When I speak of the Egyptian women, I mean the average women. There are amongst them some who are extremely able, and who, owing to their husbands being more advanced in their ideas than others, have the opportunity of studying to a certain extent. But these are the exception, not the rule, and we cater for the average.

Up to the present the movement has made very good progress, that is to say, quite a lot of people have shown an interest in it. So far the only thing that has been done has been to have meetings, explaining the objects and principles of the Union, and lectures on certain subjects of educational interest. These have been well attended, and seem to have really aroused an interest in the people for whom they are intended—which includes not only Egyptians and Mohammedans, but Greeks, Copts, Syrians, Turks, etc. One of the difficulties of course to contend with is the diversity of tongues. It is rather like the Day of Pentecost at these meetings. What is said is usually translated into Arabic, French, and English, as there are a considerable number of English who have taken up the movement very strongly. This, of course, is inclined to make the meetings long, and therefore they have to be curtailed as far as possible to start

with. One of the most encouraging things about the native is the interest that the *men* have taken in it. You see, the women can't act without the men, and if they forbid there is nothing more to be said about it. Of course, no man is allowed in to a lecture. The Egyptian University has kindly lent one large room for the monthly meetings, and they have to be held on Fridays—the Mohammedan holiday—so that there shall be no men about. The ladies come, of course, closely veiled, and have to write their names in a book coming in and going out so as to be certain they really are there all the time—this is insisted upon by the men-folk, and you are shown to the hall by a special Sudanee Eunuch, whose business it is to look after ladies of the harem. Once safely inside the ladies unveil—and some of them disclose most beautiful faces—mostly of a pale or olive complexion, though some are much darker; others reveal painted lips and rouged cheeks, and even beauty spots! Almost all of them have their eyes heavily darkened round the lids—far too much even to pretend to be effective from our point of view. Someone told me the other day that that was partly done to take off the glare of the sun. That may be so with the fellahin (peasants) out in the country, but I doubt if it would affect these rich ladies who live in thickly screened and luxurious rooms. Certainly many artists here put charcoal under their eyes when they are painting bright pictures in the sun.

Now, I really must wind up this epistle. One could go on writing for days—but I doubt if you could go on reading! So I must stop before I am tempted to do so. One word I must add, as it will interest *present* students—the fountain head of the Women's Educational Union as it is at present (not of course counting Miss Mason) is Mrs. Devonshire, whose daughter is now at Ambleside. I hope she is enjoying it as much as we did in my year.—
Yours, etc.,
JOCELYN BOLLAND.

Scale How.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been asked to give you a short account of the adventures Miss Claxton and I had coming home from Germany this summer. First I must tell you that we left that country the day before England declared war, so we have not had such exciting adventures as some people have had.

Miss Claxton and I arrived at Godesberg am Rhein, a most lovely town, on July 22nd, so you see we had hardly time to settle down before the first rumours of war came to our ears. On Thursday, July 30th, we noticed that all bridges were guarded by armed soldiers, and that evening, arriving home from a glorious walk we found that the newspapers were really serious about the war. Next day people were all in great excitement, and large stores were being laid in by the women. The army had emptied many of the grocer's shops, and animated groups were discussing the latest telegrams in the streets. We heard that all strangers were ordered out of the country within twenty-four hours if unable to give a suitable reason for being there! This we were told did not apply to us.

Next day things seemed to get worse and worse, and we did so long for news from home. May I say here that Miss Claxton and I knew very little German, but luckily for us the lady we were staying with, Frl. Selss, was able to speak English, and so gave us most of the news. We heard that all foreign mails had been stopped, Russians had crossed the frontier, and several French spies had been shot. Germany was bound to declare war within twelve hours. Things were getting really exciting by this time, and how we longed for English news! Hundreds of foreigners rushed in a panic from Godesberg, but we were told by all that it was madness to go before we knew what was going to happen. In the evening (August 1st) Miss Claxton and I went into the town,

and were there when the order for mobilization arrived. There was a great crowd waiting for the telegram, but on its arrival we only heard two people cheer. All was very quiet. Next day, Sunday, we went to a large Protestant Church, and everyone, man, woman and child, was in tears before the end of the service. On Monday, both Miss Claxton and I received telegrams, telling us to come home. We arranged to go for that day to Cologne, to get passports from the British Consul, and travel at the end of the week when the troops had been mobilized. We started off with Fräulein Selss for Cologne. We had to go by tram, as trains were for the soldiers only, and all the boats on the Rhine had been stopped. First we visited the British Consul at Cologne, who could do nothing for us, nor was he able to give us passports, as we had no birth certificates. Next, to our distress, we found Cook's office closed, so went to the Hook and Harwich Agency, where we were informed that the last train for the frontier left that evening, and were strongly urged to go whilst we had the chance. We decided to go there and then, we had no time to return for our luggage, so all we travelled with were our Nature Note Books! You will wonder why we had these. Well, to explain, we had taken them to the British Consul, with various letters and envelopes, to show we were English, and at an English college, so as to get passports. You can imagine that we are very glad to have them, as they have to go up to Mr. Thornley so soon. Luckily I had a return ticket, and we thought that between us we could just manage to get home with the money we had, if we travelled third class. Everyone was very kind to us, but Cologne was in a fearful uproar, and trains packed with soldiers were going off continually, amidst hearty cheers. We were only too glad to get into the train and really be on our homeward journey. We did not know how we were to get across the frontier, or

if any boats were crossing to England. At last our train arrived at Cleve, about an hour late, and before we got out the train was searched by soldiers. The train did not go past Cleve, and it was 8 p.m. when we arrived there. We went out of the station, and saw two porter-looking men, so asked them what we should do. They were Dutch sailors, and one spoke German; he proved a Godsend to us, as you will see. He told us that a tram was crossing the frontier, and as he was going we got into it with him. The tram seemed very slow, and it was pitch dark before we arrived at the frontier. The old Dutchman helped us to understand him by various signs! He said we could not possibly get to the Hook that night, and would have to stay the night at Nijmegen. He told us what to do at the Customs, but we were very well treated there; all our letters were torn up, and we were so relieved not to have any luggage. By a lucky chance our Nature Note Books were passed over. Our old Dutch sailor then took us in another tram to Nijmegen. We had to explain to him that we wanted a cheap night's lodging, and this he found for us. It was after 10 p.m., and he took us through several dark narrow streets, and we arrived at a queer looking place, but it was perfectly clean and nice. The old sailor and his friend slept there also. We had a double-bedded room and a huge substantial breakfast in the morning for two marks each! We had no soap, comb, or anything, but the next morning we were wakened at 5 a.m. by our old sailor, who brought us his own comb for our hair! A little later he came again, this time he had a blacking brush for our shoes. Arriving downstairs we found that he had seen that our breakfast was all ready for us. He took us to the station, which was quite ten minutes. He paid all our trams, hotel, etc., in Holland, and we simply gave him the German money for them, so had no trouble. At the station we said good-bye to this truly kind friend, and

promised to tell him of our safe arrival in England. What we would have done without this dear old Dutch sailor I can't imagine. After leaving him our journey was uneventful; we at last met some English people, spent the day in Rotterdam, and crossed by the Hook and Harwich that night. The boat was packed, Americans were offering £10 for a cabin, but had to sleep on the bare deck like many others. Six battle-ships escorted our boat across. The joy of seeing dear old England again was, of course, very great, but we can never be grateful enough to the kind-hearted old Dutch sailor who helped us, utter strangers, on our way. He has sent us each a postcard since we came home to say how glad he was to hear of our safe arrival in England. His name is A. de Oude.

PHYLLIS N. BOWSER.

Scale How,
Ambleside,
October 15th, 1914.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have been asked to write a letter for the November magazine to tell my experiences abroad this summer. I do not know whether they will interest many readers, for things are not the same when written as when experienced.

My friend and I arrived at le Pensionat des filles de la Croix, Theux, near Liège, on Friday, July 24th. On the Monday following our arrival, all the pupils left for the holidays, with the exception of three little German girls. A great many holiday students were expected, and preparations were made for them.

On Wednesday, July 29th, we heard rumours that war was declared between England and Ireland, and Germany and France. The news, however, was very vague, and caused

little excitement. The next morning, however, the Directrice told us that all post and railway communication was cut off, and that the German soldiers were going to pass through that day on their way to France. Well, that day and night fifty thousand German soldiers passed through. The day was hot, and the men looked exhausted, though they appeared in high spirits. The village people lined the street with pails of water, so that the soldiers might refill their flasks, while they ran with glasses of water to those on horseback. The men also came out and distributed large quantities of cigarettes among the soldiers. How different were their feelings towards the Germans a few days later when they heard the cannon at Liège.

On Saturday, July 31st, two thousand cows were demanded from Theux for the Belgian army, and three were sent from the convent, but one was returned as it was too thin. We were glad of this a few weeks later, when we had nothing but bread, lettuce, and potatoes, for the soldiers bought up everything on their marches through.

On August 1st we heard the first cannon at Liège, but as yet they were few. On August 3rd, however, we heard them very loudly all day and night. The convent shook with them so much that it was thought safer to sit in the garden. Sometimes we counted as many as a hundred and thirty cannon in five minutes.

On Tuesday, August 4th, we heard that the convent was to be used as a Red Cross Hospital for the German soldiers—for Theux was now taken by the Germans as they had passed through on their way to Liège—and that we were to have red cross flags ready to put out immediately the first wounded was brought. That same evening we had the first wounded brought, though we had had several ill—soldiers with weak hearts or sunstroke—before. These men, however, never stopped long; as soon as they were tended they

were taken back to Germany for fear that they should have to retreat.

Every day now we used to have German soldiers come to the convent to take soup and have their feet bound. Sometimes two hundred and fifty or three hundred soldiers would come. They would have only half an hour in which to do everything. At such times we had all to help. First large baths of soup were brought out, and we handed the men their portions. They were usually very exhausted, sometimes having marched twenty-four or thirty hours without a stop. After they had eaten, the foot baths were brought out, and we all washed the soldiers' feet. When we had washed them their blisters had to be pricked, dusted with powder, and bound up. As a rule the soldiers were grateful for anything we did for them. Three times only I met with personal rudeness. Once a soldier kicked a bucket of water over me, and twice I was kicked while tending to soldiers, but this was probably because I caused them pain.

On August 8th, at about 2 a.m., there was a furious ringing at the door bell, and presently we heard rough voices and commands below and the soldiers in the courtyard. We really thought now that the convent was going to be fired, but presently, after a great deal of noise overhead, the soldiers departed. We heard in the morning that they had come to the convent to demand one hundred mattresses and two hundred and fifty blankets, which they took off to various parts of the village they were guarding.

All this time the cannon were still continuing at Liège, and fresh German troops were being called up. The character of the men, however, had greatly altered. Whereas before they had been bright and self-confident, they were now sullen and brutal. We two English were now no longer allowed to tend the soldiers. When, one day, however, the Sisters had run out of all ointment and bandages, we were

called upon to give up everything of this description we had. Unfortunately I had nothing, but my friend gave up her face cream and a knee bandage, which were used for the Germans' feet.

On August 10th two thousand soldiers arrived in Theux, and here they remained for a week. They camped in the convent field, next the garden, and they came to the convent each day to cook their food. At first they demanded that the Sisters should cook for them, and four soldiers were always set apart to watch them and see that no poison was put in the food. Later, however, they took command of the kitchens, and used them themselves. During the time the soldiers camped in the convent fields all the shutters were kept up, for the Sisters greatly feared that if displeased the soldiers might fire the convent. During their stay in Theux the soldiers dug up all the potatoes and took all the fruit in the district.

On August 12th, while the soldiers were still in the field two aeroplanes passed overhead—one German, and one French—immediately all the soldiers commenced firing. My friend and I were in the garden, and we ran for shelter, for the bullets were whizzing by close to us. Unfortunately for the Germans they shot down their own aeroplane. We heard afterwards, however, that the men were severely punished, for no command had been given them to fire. Luckily their man was only injured. Another time I saw a passing aeroplane drop a newspaper into their midst, and when they had finished with it they gave it to the German Sister at the convent. From this paper we learned the only news we heard of England for eight weeks. This was that England had completely destroyed the German fleet, but that she had lost forty-one ships in so doing. We cannot understand how this news was issued in a German newspaper, but such was the case, and the Germans were very downhearted about it.

On August 14th the Germans succeeded in taking the last fort at Liège, but from their own accounts they lost nearly a million men in doing so. There was now great fear of disease, as the Germans did not remove their dead, but left them in heaps outside Liège, and animals were running wild among them. This we learnt from a priest who came through them.

Things were now becoming very quiet and exasperatingly tame, for the loud cannon had ceased. There were still two hundred and fifty soldiers guarding Theux, and fresh troops passing through daily. But during the whole of this time we had been unable to send word to England. At last, however, a priest promised to take a letter by hand to Boltz, and send it through Holland. Meanwhile we had to wait patiently for an answer.

On August 18th we heard the cannon at Namur, though these were far more distant. On the evening of the 18th we heard that thirteen officers were coming to the convent for the night. Preparations had to be made for them. My friend and I were set apart to sew lace round the officers' sheets, while all the best linen was brought out, and the floors repolished. At about 7 p.m. the officers arrived, and the first thing they did was to demand wine. The Sisters told them there was none, but on hearing this they spoke roughly, and ordered them to throw the cellars open and sent their men to search. However, the search was fruitless, and after a great many other similar scenes they retired to their rooms. But here again was dissatisfaction, for their beds were too short, and they demanded longer ones. These, however, were not forthcoming. On the whole the officers were quite quiet, but these were exceptional.

The next day, August 19th, we had a priest brought to the convent who had been very ill-treated. He had been taken by German officers, stripped and tied to the back of

a cart, and made to walk—naked and bare-footed—from Louve to Spa, and from Spa to Marché, altogether about 15 kilometres, in this fashion. Here he was tied to a post in the open all night, and next day let loose. He was found and brought to the convent for the Sisters to care for him, and he stayed with us three weeks, at the end of which time he had recovered.

On August 20th the Vicaire, Curé, and Bourgmaistre were hostages, in case the inhabitants of Theux committed any outrages against the Germans. This was the result of outrages committed by Belgians in the next village, Juslau Ville. Here the people had poured boiling oil on the soldiers' heads as they passed through, while others had shot on them from behind their windows.

At last, after many weary days of waiting, a letter arrived. It was for my friend, in her guardian's handwriting. A man on a motor cycle had brought it, and all was now excitement in the convent. My friend's guardian had arrived at Simpervelt—the border between Holland and Belgium—and there she awaited us, for she was allowed to come no further. From Simpervelt she had secured the help of a Dutchman to come and arrange for us to leave the convent and join her. That same afternoon we started in an open motor-car with two German soldiers fully armed and a German priest. We went at great speed without a stop. The sentinels recognized the soldiers' signs and let us pass. On the way we passed through two villages, between Pepinster and Aubel, which were absolutely deserted. There was not a building of any description, church, dwelling-house, or shop with a window, door, or roof left. Merely the walls left standing. These were villages in which outrages had been committed, and this was the result. Well, we arrived at Aubel, and here we stayed the night at the priest's house. Here we had the somewhat doubtful honour of sleeping in

the same bed the Crown Prince had slept in the night before. Next morning—Sunday—we continued our journey alone in an old dilapidated carriage. When we arrived at La Plauk my friend's guardian was awaiting us on the other side of the barrier. Oh! the joy of seeing an English face again. Now we felt as if all was well, for all responsibility was taken off us. Next day we started for Flushing, and on September 20th we arrived in Folkestone, where we once more set foot on English soil. How glad we were I cannot express, for at the time we did not realize the joy. We finished our adventures with the smash up of a taxi-cab at St. Leonards, where we arrived at 11 o'clock at night.

These are the chief of our adventures, which I hope may prove interesting to some readers.—I am, yours, etc.,

HILDA F. VINCE.

3, Edmunds Place.
Shepherdess Walk, N.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

You have always been very generous at Christmas and subscribed to give my poor children a happy time. I feel that in these terrible days you will all have drained your purses to the utmost, so I am writing to ask if you will send me a different kind of gift this year. There is a great deal of extra suffering and distress in this neighbourhood, and the children are going about in the most pitiable garments. Would you send me clothes—new or second-hand—as I feel that would really help more than anything. The children vary in ages from 7 to 13, and boys' or girls' garments would be equally acceptable. If anyone feels disposed to make children's jerseys I can send directions (cost about 1s.) or any other details.—Yours sincerely,

MABEL CONDER.

Scale How,
Ambleside.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

Several months have passed since we last wrote to you, and so we hope our news will not seem very old and therefore unwelcome.

The first great event of last term was the arrival of Mr. Thornley on June 8th. We entertained him that same evening with a "Schubert" drawing-room evening, given by Miss Phillips, and then on the Tuesday the seniors went for their long-looked-for "Mr. Thornley walks." In the morning we went along Loughrigg Terrace as far as the end of Rydal water. It was a very gusty day, and we saw a sight on the lake which was quite new to us—one or two water-spouts, which were about 35 feet high. At times, too, sheets of spray were blown here and there across the lake. On Tuesday evening Mr. Thornley gave us a delightful lecture on insects, and on the next morning took the juniors for a walk by the Brathay. It was with the greatest regret that we said good-bye to him on the Thursday.

On June 9th the juniors gave us a very amusing entertainment, consisting of the following scenes:—"Between the Soup and Savoury," "The Crystal Gazer," and "Miss Honey's Treasure," and then there was no other event to break the usual routine of the term until the Children's Party, on July 4th. The afternoon opened with scenes from "The Water Babies" and "Cranford," which were acted by the children of the Practising School. The first of these gave the children of Classes I. and II. something definite to do, and they seemed thoroughly to enjoy taking part. The elder girls, too, acted very much better than they did the year before. After tea the smaller children played their usual games on the lawn outside St. George's, while the

bigger girls played outside the class-room. One interesting game they had was to make dolls out of potatoes, paper serviettes, hairpins and tintacks.

Very few afternoons were spent on scouting last term, but on May 14th a few of us went tracking with the school children on Loughrigg. Unfortunately those who were following lost the track, and only arrived at the meeting-place when it was time to start back for tea. Two other ordinary afternoons were spent in surveying.

The Christmas term looked as if it would have a sad beginning, for we all knew that Miss Mason and Miss Kitching were still in Germany and unable to leave, and so our joy was very great when we heard, on our way up to Windermere, that both were safe in England. However, we hardly dared to believe the news until we reached Scale How and found that Miss Mason had actually arrived on the previous day, and that she was very well.

Many of us of course went abroad during the holidays, but we all managed to be back for the beginning of the term except for one student who was, for a time, "officially detained" in Germany. Some accounts of our adventures will be found elsewhere in the *Plant*.

In our spare moments we are all very busy working for the soldiers—shirts, socks, gloves, cholera-belts, cuffs, etc.—with materials which Miss Mason has very kindly provided. Our Scout Captain had already talked about sending a parcel from the P.U.S. Scouts, and so, although we are really working for Miss Mason's parcel, we hope also to add something to the Peewits'.

We have only had one meeting of the Poetry Club this term, but we hope to meet as regularly as possible. At this meeting an interesting paper was read on Christopher Marlowe, and now we are going to study some of Ben Jonson's plays. Several contributions were made to last

term's Roundel Competition, of which Miss Millar won the prize—"The Poems of Herrick."

GETTING UP.

It seems that I have scarcely closed my eyes,
And still the charm of dreamland fast enthrals me,
(I always greet her tap with dumb surprise)

When Mary calls me—

"Time to get up!" Oh! such a thought appals me,
Face a new day? My half-waked courage flies;

"I *must* sleep on, whatever there befalls me,"

So something in me always loudly cries.

And yet—although my very meekness galls me—

I yawn, but dare not hesitate to rise

When Mary calls me.

The Drawing-room Evenings since the spring term have been "Schiller," by Miss Bruce-Low; "Florence Nightingale," by Miss Bowser; "Celtic Mythology," by Miss Mocatta; "Charles Dickens," by Miss Gillies; "Indian Mythology," by Miss Ring; "Schubert," by Miss Phillips; "George Borrow," Miss Gayford; "Norse Mythology," Miss Kember; "Michael Angelo," Miss Somerville. This last was given on the terrace in front of the house. This term we have had "William Morris" by Miss Vine, and "William Barnes and Thomas Hardy" by Miss Viney.

We have two new members on the staff this term, Miss Gass and Miss Parker. Fräulein Grimm has left us, and Miss Parker is her successor.—Yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

EXPERIENCES IN GERMANY.

When on July 20th I went abroad all was quiet, both in England and Germany. About a week later Weimar began to get excited about the consequences of the Sarjevo murder,

and on July 30th we heard mobilization had been ordered. We had gone to spend a fortnight at a little place near Weimar when the news came. It was a Thursday, and we were having tea in the garden of the Kurhaus, when suddenly a new telegram was put up in one of the windows, and there was a general stampede towards it. We were the only people left sitting, everyone else was crowding and elbowing to read the latest news. We left the Kurhaus at once and went back to the pension where we were staying, on the way hearing the proclamation of mobilization in the streets. Everywhere there was confusion, and the Post Office was so crowded that we could not get attended to for a long while, and when at last we telegraphed we were only allowed to do so in German, using German characters. This telegram was the last news our friends had of us for a long time, for the letters we had posted that day were all returned, opened. Next day we returned to Weimar; the crush at the station was awful, and we had to travel thirteen in a carriage for six! We reached Weimar at mid-day, but it was impossible to start for England as our luggage had all got lost on the way. On August 5th we heard of the declaration of war by England, but Weimar refused to believe it, and declared that it was a report spread by Russians to frighten Germany. It was quite true, however, and we all had to go to the Rathaus and register ourselves. After this our visits to the Town Hall were numerous, and we were always interviewed in the criminal police department! At last, on August 21st, we heard that there was a possibility of travelling, and we packed all our trunks accordingly; we had obtained emergency passports from the American Embassy, and all was prepared for the journey when the inevitable "criminal polizei" official arrived and absolutely forbade us to start. He told us that Germany was under martial law, and that we were liable to be shot if